Winter Osculations

By H. H. Spiers

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no 1

Der Gross Ich Bin

Der Keiser ist one lieble mann;
He drew the sword to please the Lord.
The Lord then took him at his word
And placed him foremost in the van.

Much labor has been spent to show
How gracious er der Keiser ist.
One day he smiles—und all aglow—
The next he pounds them mit his fist.

He talks of peace as mir und Gott,
Forgetful God decries all war,
He then tells someding vas its not
Und does what all good men abhor.

Perhaps some day der Keiser mit
Will see where he made one sad move.
In drawing swords to others hit,
He hit himself but nicht in love.

When all ist settled down at last
  Und Keiser smokes on broken laws
Sein Faterlandt may take a fast
  To see dings as they never vas.

But ne'r again will Keiser dear
  Attempt to settle mit mailed fist.
He'll see dings just as they are here
  Und find dings as already ist.

A Girl's Soliloquy

"I met a man the other day—
  I think he wants me for a wife.
He said: 'Good Miss show me the way
  To end at once all earthly strife.'

"I said to him, no one can tell,
  Perhaps the best is go to work.
Just then it hit me like a bell
  Why work is strife which many shirk."

"One morn while crossing o'er the
street,
A man to me politely bowed.
Perhaps I am quite indiscreet—
He wants a wife I plainly showed."

"Some one was passing at the time
He said to me: 'Don't fear my miss,
That man escaped from other clime,
He's simply looking for a kiss.' "

"Last night while I was in the town
One looked at me most wondrous
wise.
He wants me sure said I: 'Renown
Is written in his very eyes.' "

"Just then I heard some one exclaim:
'When did that man escape from jail?
We'l have him yet' he did proclaim,
And then he told a sad, sad tale."

"I find that every man on earth
Is not yet looking for a wife.

Some look in fun and some in strife
While others give their thoughts a birth."

"Well let them look where'er they can,
I do not fear as when a girl.
I simply think here comes a man,
And with the thought no flag unfurl."

The World We Go

When we leave this vale of tears,
With its sorrows and its fears,
What do we expect to know
In the world we shortly go?

Will my friends around me stand
As a truly happy band?
Will my sorrows then all cease?
Will the joys of life increase?

These and more we all shall know
In the world we shortly go.
Surely it would pleasure be
From a life of sin set free.

Joyful must one always stand,
With temptation not at hand.
Blessed must we life then know
In the world we shortly go.

But beyond this each must know
All's conjecture here below.
Where that land of beauty life?
Is it land at all—no strife?

These and more we all shall know
In the world we shortly go.
But one thing I long have thought,
When we to such land are brought,
What a joy for all to know
Beauties of the world we go.

Work

The God of Love who gave us life
  Knows what is best for each to do.
We may be victors in the strife
  Or idly wait, no thought pursue.

'Tis not in wealth nor in renown,
That brings the garnered sheaves at home;
It's simple work—right up and down,
And with that work reward will come.

To him who sits and lingers long
No prize in life can be obtained.
He may be fair, he may be strong,
But nothing can by him be gained.

Let us by zealous art pursue
Each task before, however small.
It may require all we can do
But on that task we rise or fall.

Country Life

There is a joy in country life
No one can make quite clear.
It comes in freedom from the strife
Found oft in city cheer.

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There is a joy in ev'ry breeze
  In purity of air,
It comes to all throughout the trees—
  A clearness not elsewhere.

There is a joy in wild wood life,
  As seen each day afar,
No city, with its dizzened strife,
  Can view from bus or car.

There is a joy abounding all,
  No matter what the stir.
'Tis found on hill, in dale at call,
  In lovely character.

Hold fast that life, my girl or boy,
  Nor be at once dismayed.
No other field has seen such joy
  Nor is it now displayed.

True Worth

I stand beside the church-yard gate
And sadly watch the hearse pass by.
I think of him who once in state
Now lowly rides and so must lie.

I pass within. The church-yard scene
Presents cold granite mounted high.
'Tis noted that the turf is green
Where no such monument is nigh.

In life as death the grandeur seen
May mount aloft far in the sky.
But dearest friend, what life has been
Will count more worth to Him on high.

The Confession

We passed in quiet by the limb
On which a hornet's nest was tied.
One swayed the bough and gently tried
To rouse the guard and speak to him.

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He spoke just once—no more at all—
It sounded like a distant bawl.
The rest had beaten a retreat
Acknowledging a quick defeat.

One smarty with a black and tan
At once invoked another plan.
So calling round him all the boys
Much to increase their future joys—

Then throwing quickly a big stick
He called on Black an Tan to "Sic."
The dog his courage now displayed
By doing as his master said.

Two thousand hornets—more or less—
Lit on his carcass to confess.
The dog with sudden bound and yelp
Ran to his master now for help.

Four other boys in gay attire
Had then to stand and take the fire.
They stood around with wounds undressed
And then their folly they confessed.

So oft in life one stands around,
  Then enters on forbidden ground.
He finds at last or finds it not
  To his surprise what he has got.

When one is bitten on the toe
  He sometimes lets the others know.
So stay away my youthful man,
  Nor enter on a doubtful plan.

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